

SPAWN

WWW.MCFARLANE.COM



91

DIGITAL
EDITION

TODD MCFARLANE AND IMAGE COMICS PRESENT...

BLACK CAT BONES PART 1



PLOT

*Brian Holguin
Todd McFarlane*

STORY

Brian Holguin

PENCILER

Greg Capullo

INKER

*Danny Miki
Lee Matsunami*

COPY EDITOR and LETTERING
Tom Orzechowski

COLOR

*Dan Kemp
Brian Haberlin*

COVER ART

*Greg Capullo
Todd McFarlane*

president of entertainment

TERRY FITZGERALD

executive director of publishing

BEAU SMITH

managing editor

MELANIE SIMMONS

art director

BRENT ASHE

designers

*JOHN GALLAGHER
BOYD WILLIAMS*

publisher for Image Comics

JIM VALENTINO

SPAWN 90 Summary

Spawn finds three nervous young men in an abandoned house with the dead body of an Asian girl. All three tell different stories about her demise and the events leading up to it, but each of their stories point the finger at each other. Justice is served when Spawn gives the knife and the opportunity to carry out the sentence to one of them. He then takes the unlucky knife-wielder away to carry out his own brand of justice.

DEDICATED TO
My boy, Jake



**TODD MCFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS**



WWW.SPAWN.COM | WWW.MCFARLANE.COM

SPAWN #91. Digital Edition. Published by IMAGE COMICS 1071 N. Batavia St., Suite A, Orange, CA 92867. Spawn, its logo and its symbol are registered trademarks 2000 of Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. All other related characters are TM and © 2000 Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. All rights reserved. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Todd McFarlane.

SANTA
MONICA,
CALIFORNIA.

OVER THE
SCREAM OF
SIRENS, I CAN
HEAR WAVES
CRASHING ON
THE BEACH.

THE MURMURING OF
THE CROWD, THE
SCREECH OF TIRES.

JEEZ,
WHAT A
MESS.

KNEW
SOMETHING
LIKE THIS
WOULD HAPPEN.
SHOULDA TORN
THAT PLACE
DOWN YEARS
AGO.

MY FACE BURNS
BUT MY HANDS
ARE FREEZING.
I CAN'T FEEL
ANYTHING AT
ALL BELOW MY
WAIST.

I CAN'T TURN MY
HEAD AND I'M
AFRAID IF I CLOSE
MY EYES, THEY'LL
NEVER OPEN AGAIN.

SO I JUST
STARE UP
AT HIM.

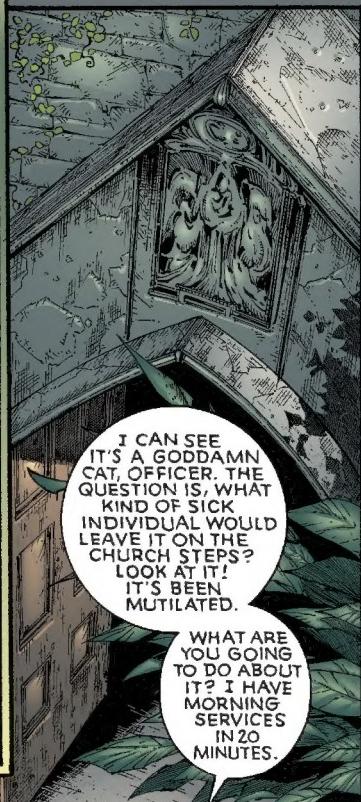
AND HE STARES BACK.



I WONDER IF HE'S LAUGHING.

ALL
RIGHT,
EVERYONE
MOVE BACK.
NOTHING
TO SEE
HERE.

TWO DAYS
EARLIER...



ALL CLINGING PATHETICALLY TO ANTIQUE NOTIONS OF "RIGHT" AND "WRONG." THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS SOCIETY. NO SUCH THINGS AS RULES.

CIVILIZATION DIED A LONG TIME AGO. WE'RE JUST MAGGOTS CRAWLING OVER THE FESTERING CORPSE.

SAY WE GRAB SOME BREAKFAST, DIZ?

YEAH. BREAKFAST.

HEY, SINBAD. YOU OWE ME A FREE CUP OF COFFEE. THAT ONE I GOT YESTERDAY TASTED LIKE SOUR CAT PISS.

NO. COFFEE FRESH. ALWAYS FRESH.

CALLING ME A LIAR?



YEAH. BREAKFAST.



HEY, LOOK AT ME WHEN I'M ARGUING WITH YOU...



YOU ALWAYS ARGUE. NO COME BACK.

BITE ME. I DO WHAT I WANT.

WITHOUT SOCIETY THERE IS ONLY THE INDIVIDUAL. THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE TRIBE.

AND THE WHOLE OF THE LAW SHALL BE "DO WHAT THOU WILT."

THE SUIT-AND-TIE SLAVES LOOK AT US WITH AMUSED PITY. THEY DON'T REALIZE WE ARE THE TIGERS IN A WORLD OF LAMBS.

GUILT. COMPASSION. SENTIMENT. THEY ARE SIGNS OF SPIRITUAL DECADENCE. WEAKNESSES TO BE EXPLOITED.



HEY YOU! GIMME SOME MONEY!



YES, OF COURSE.



I CLOCKED HER FOR WHAT SHE WAS RIGHT AWAY. ANOTHER DISILLUSIONED LITTLE PRINCESS FROM THE PALISADES.

MARK, THIS IS RENEE. SHE NEEDS A PLACE. SHE'S COOL.

I DON'T KNOW HER.







MANHATTAN.

LOOK, I PAID FOR THOSE TICKETS A MONTH AGO. THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

COULD YOU SPELL YOUR NAME AGAIN, MA'AM?

W-I-T-H-E-R-S-P-O-O-N.
WITHERSPOON! I DON'T BELIEVE THIS.

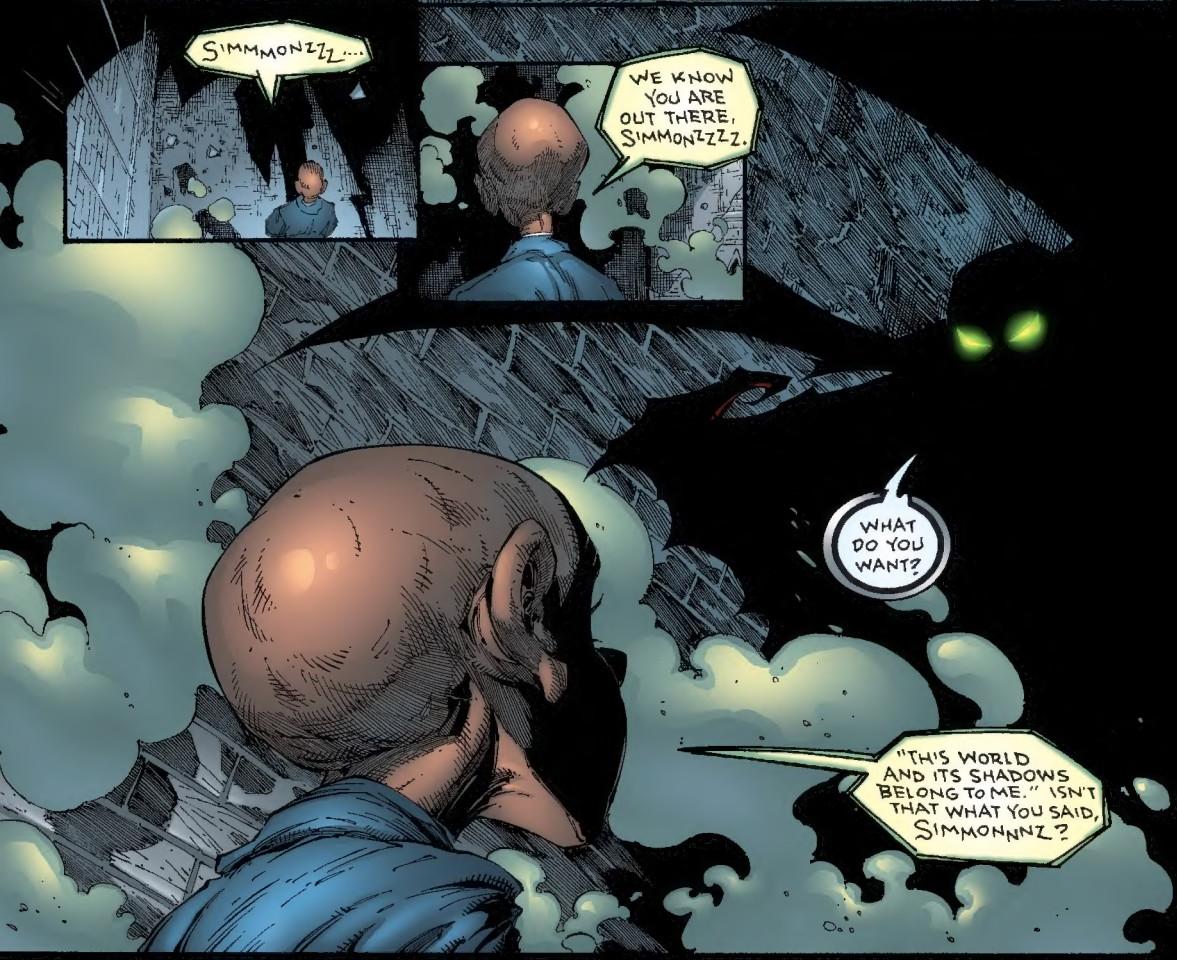


SIMMONZZZ...

WE KNOW YOU ARE OUT THERE, SIMMONZZZ.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

"THIS WORLD AND ITS SHADOWS BELONG TO ME." ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU SAID, SIMMONNNZ?





SANTA
MONICA.

THERE ARE THINGS IN THIS WORLD THAT MOST PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO FACE. LITTLE DARK CORNERS THEY'RE TOO SCARED TO LOOK IN.

THOUGHTS THEY WON'T ALLOW THEMSELVES TO THINK.

LINES THEY WON'T ALLOW THEMSELVES TO CROSS.

THEY'RE FRIGHTENED LITTLE CHILDREN, HIDING BEHIND THE COVERS OF THEIR EMPTY LIVES, AFRAID TO LOOK UNDER THE BED. AFRAID TO FACE THE MONSTERS THEY KNOW MUST DWELL THERE.

BUT THAT'S WHERE THE STRENGTH IS. THAT'S WHERE THE POWER LIES. BEHIND THE FEAR. THAT'S THE SECRET TO GREATNESS. HUNT DOWN THE THING YOU FEAR MOST AND CONQUER IT.

EMBRACE
IT.

COMMUNE
WITH IT.

MASTER
IT.

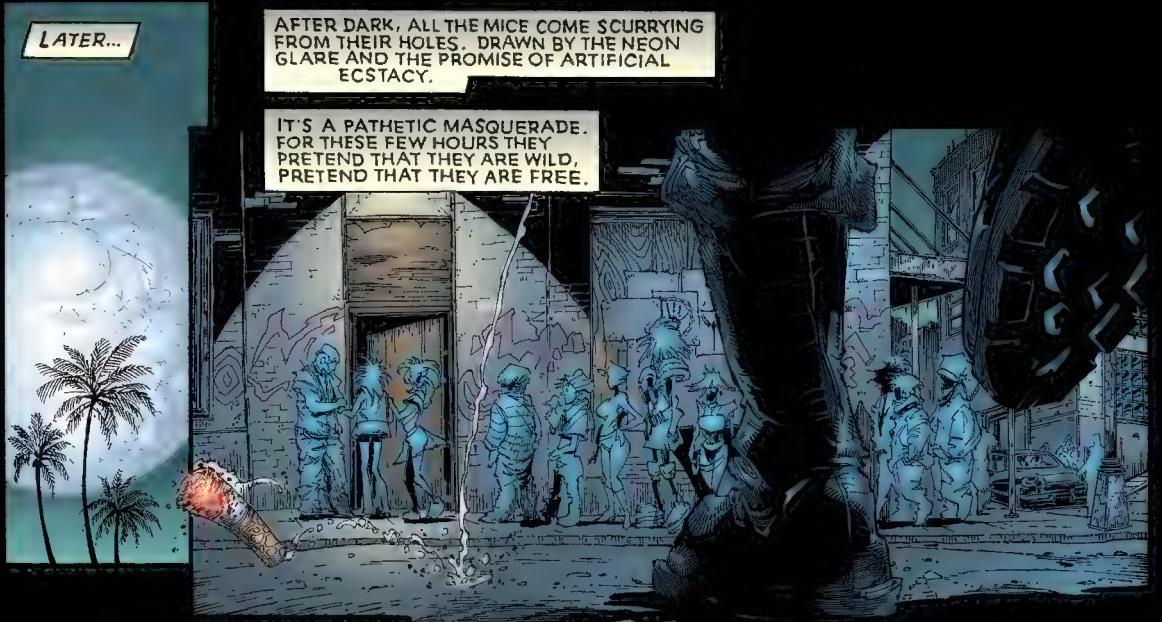
BECOME IT.

ESMATEK

LATER...

AFTER DARK, ALL THE MICE COME SCURRYING FROM THEIR HOLES. DRAWN BY THE NEON GLARE AND THE PROMISE OF ARTIFICIAL ECSTACY.

IT'S A PATHETIC MASQUERADE. FOR THESE FEW HOURS THEY PRETEND THAT THEY ARE WILD, PRETEND THAT THEY ARE FREE.



BUT DEEP DOWN THEY KNOW THE TRUTH. THEY ARE SHEEP IN WOLVES' CLOTHING.

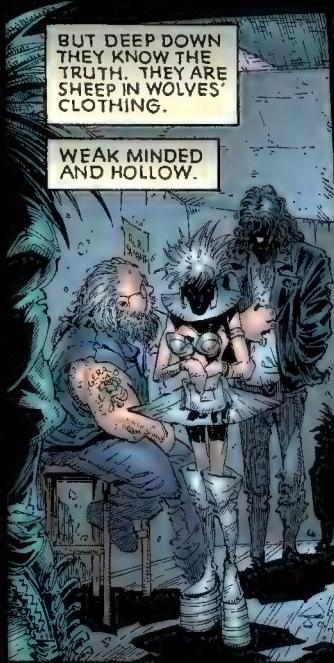
WEAK MINDED AND HOLLOW.

HOLD UP THERE, CHIEF. I NEED'A SEE YER HAND STAMP.

YOU DON'T NEED TO SEE MY HAND STAMP.

I DON'T NEED TO SEE YOUR HAND STAMP.

I CAN MOVE ALONG.



SOMETIMES OLD TRICKS REALLY ARE THE BEST.

THEY SEETHE LIKE SNAKES, WRITHING WITH DESPERATION. DESPERATION TO FEEL **ALIVE** FOR JUST A MOMENT.

THEY REEK OF AMPHETAMINE SWEAT AND TOO MUCH COLOGNE.

I WONDER WHAT THEY WOULD SAY, ANY OF THEM, IF THEY KNEW THIS WAS THEIR LAST NIGHT ALIVE. WOULD THEY CRY FOR MERCY? BEG FORGIVENESS?

WOULD THEY FIGHT BACK?

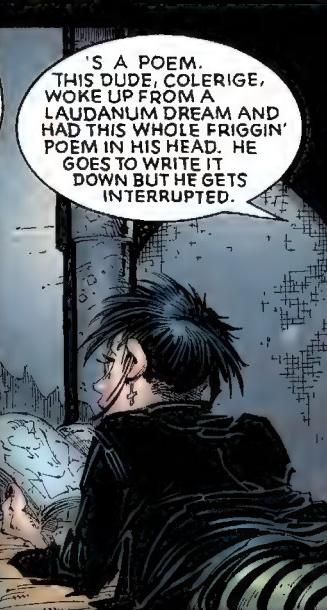
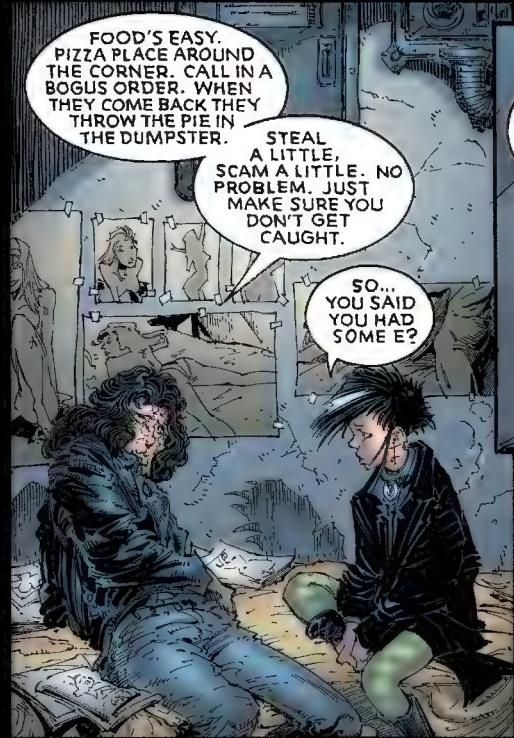
YO!
EXCUSE
YOU! YOU JUST
KNOCKED MY
BEER.

HEY! I'M TALKING TO YOU!

LOOK AT ME, YOU FREAK! YOU THINK YOU'RE A TOUGH GUY? HUH?







3 A.M.
THE DEVIL'S
MIDNIGHT.

HEY...
YOU
OKAY?

WHAT?
ME...
YEAH, I'M
GREAT...

ULPI!
Uh-oh.
I THINK
I'M GONNA
SPEW.

OKAY, BUT
THAT'S NOT THE
BATHROOM.

HUH?
WHAZZAT?

UHFF!

OHMIGOD!

RICKY!!!

YOU KNOW, I DIDN'T LIE TO HER. I REALLY AM TRYING TO GET SOMEONE'S ATTENTION.

I CAN FEEL HIM OUT THERE, SLIPPING BETWEEN THE SHADOWS.

COMING LIKE AN AVENGING GHOST. COMING FOR ME.

YAFMAN

I CAN'T WAIT.



HE'S
HERE.

HE'S
MAGNIFICENT.

FOCUS.
DISCIPLINE.

HE'S
SIZING ME
UP. HE'LL
TRY TO
READ MY
THOUGHTS.

DISCIPLINE.
FOCUS.

"THERE'S
A GIRL IN
THE NEXT
ROOM. I'M
GOING
TO KILL
HER."

OH

MY

GOD!







I BRING THE SIGIL, THE SACRAMENT AND THE SACRIFICE, RINGED IN FLAME AND SEALED IN BLOOD. YOU ARE BOUND TO MY SERVICE BY THE TIMELESS RULES OF DARKNESS.





EMPIRE

Tyrant
Lizard
King